

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 200 – THE GOLDEN (AND ROTTEN) FAMILIES

‘HAVE y’all gone senile?’ Neoma asked the old geezers around her with a smirk. She raised a brow when she noticed that the ‘gentlemen’ looked offended by her words. ‘Oh, did I hit a nerve? Do the words of the young Crown Prince who disgusts you because of her mother’s blood hurt your fragile egos?’

The response that she received came in the form of extreme killing intent directed at her.

All of a sudden, she felt like a small (and very cute) animal trapped in a box guarded by big (and very ugly) animals.

After all, the white-haired old man with the cane was standing in front of her. The gray-haired old man was behind her. Then, the ‘youngest’ that looked like some seaweed because of his curly moss green hair was on her right side. And finally, the fućkface with specs who insulted her mother was on her left side.

They have the balls to threaten the Crown Prince with their bloodlust, huh?

Her thoughts were cut off when all of a sudden, Lewis appeared and stood in front of her protectively. The killing intent that her son released was commendable. It was enough to literally push the four old geezers surrounding them.

Alas, the oldies but baddies group looked offended that a mere child like Lewis was enough to move them from their spot.

Hah! That’s my son!

It was true that she asked Lewis not to move a while ago as a sign of respect towards their esteemed guests.

But that changed when the so-called guests expressed their intention to kill her.

Although she was confident that the old geezers wouldn't really act on their bloodlust considering that they were in the Royal Palace, she still had to let Lewis do his job as her personal knight, or else, her son would be heavily criticized for failing to protect her.

'How dare a lowly cub as you threaten us, four of the leaders of the Twelve Golden Families?' the rude four-eyed said while reaching for Lewis's head as if the bastard intended to crush her son's head. 'Know your place, dirty fox.'

Of course, she wouldn't let that happen.

She smirked when Mr. Rude Specs pulled his hand away as if he just touched an invisible barrier that electrocuted him or something.

Yes, she and Lewis were inside the Dome that she just created.

Of course, the Dome that she made wasn't satisfactory to her yet. It wasn't as strong and as big as she would like it to be. But fortunately, it was doing its job properly.

You see, Your Holiness? I'm right.

Despite her current situation, she suddenly remembered the conversation she had with Saint Zavaroni a while ago.

['Princess Neoma, your divine energy is overflowing. It's a good thing because the durability of your barrier would depend on your Mana. All you need to learn now is how to transform your divine energy into different kinds of a shield.']

['So, how do I do that, Your Holiness?']

['Think of the people that you want to protect, Princess Neoma.']

['Omo. That sounds like something a novel or comic character would say, Your Holiness. But I do believe that aside from the people that I care about, there are other things that I want to protect. I think those things will give me strength as well.']

['May I know what things are you talking about, Princess Neoma?']

['My pride.']

['Oh.']

['You see, Your Holiness, I'm an arrogant girl. I'm the type who will fight to the death for my pride. I believe it could strengthen my barrier as well.']

Her pride refused to bend down to these old motherfuckers in front of her, not after they insulted her mother to her face.

The angrier she got remembering it, the stronger her Dome became.

'How dare a mere trash try to touch my cub?' she said coldly. 'Get your filthy hand away from us.'

Once again, the rude bastards looked shocked by what she said.

'When you insulted Lady Mona Roseheart, my MOTHER, you should have prepared to be insulted back,' she said, her chin up and chest out. 'There's a saying that one shouldn't stoop down to a fucking idiot's level.'

Unfortunately for you, I don't believe that bullshit.'

'Language, Your Royal Highness,' the white-haired old man with a cane said, breaking his silence for the first time. His voice was deep and authoritative. That made her realized that this old geezer was the leader of

this hostile group. ‘Don’t curse. Use proper words. Only uneducated people use curse words.’

‘Hell no,’ she said, shocking the old man with the cane. ‘“Fucking idiot” and “bullshit” are exactly the words I’m looking for. Sure, I could be fancy and call y’all ‘blight on the world.’ But it doesn’t have the same energy as calling y’all a fuċking idiot.’

‘It’s unbecoming of a Crown Prince to speak such vulgar words, Your Royal Highness,’ the old man with the cane said sternly.

‘I would agree with you but then we would both be wrong,’ she said firmly. ‘Don’t you know that studies have shown that people who swear like sailors are more honest and more intelligent?’

But of course, she would admit that she was in the wrong this time because she forgot that she was still physically a child.

It was inappropriate for a child as young as her to swear.

‘However, I understand your concern,’ she said, talking directly at the old man with the cane. ‘But you don’t have anything to worry about, my lord. My ‘dirty mouth’ is like an allergic reaction. It only comes out when I’m surrounded by humans pretending to be noble but sprouts garbage worse than cursing.’

‘Aren’t you being a little too emotional, Your Royal Highness?’ Mr. Seaweed, the one who was allegedly obsessed with her mother in the past, confronted her. ‘I admit that my cousin and I have said things that we shouldn’t have regarding a person who’s long gone. But I believe that you’re overreacting.’

‘You got that right, cousin,’ the four-eyed bastard agreed with a smirk. ‘Please don’t act like a hysterical woman just because you heard something that hurt your feelings, Your Royal Highness. In the future, once you attend

more social gatherings, you'd hear more hurtful words from other people. Are you going to act this way again if that happens?' He shook his head and smiled 'kindly' at her. 'You shouldn't, Your Royal Highness.'

'Don't try to gaslight me and invalidate my feelings, gentlemen,' she said with a 'kind' smile on her face. 'I am proud to be the child of Lady Mona Roseheart and His Majesty Emperor Nikolai de Moonasterio. Don't insult my family and expect to get away from it easily.'

The arrogant smirk of Mr. Seaweed and Mr. Four-eyed disappeared.

'And you said I'm acting like a 'hysterical woman?'' she asked, then she smirked. 'First of all, I don't see anything wrong with how I expressed my feelings. But most of all, aren't the four of you the ones who are getting a little too emotional here? After all, you're the ones who are so triggered just because the child of the woman you feared the most was crowned by His Majesty to be his successor.'

The four 'gentlemen' once again reacted by releasing their bloodlust.

Gosh, these old geezers should be grateful that I've stopped myself from cursing again.

'See?' she asked with an arrogant smile on her face. 'You're being too emotional again. Ashamed to be reminded of how my awesome mother scared the daylights out of you in the past?'

'Your Royal Highness!' the white-haired man yelled angrily, then he stomped his cane on the cemented ground. Oh, wow, the part that the cane hit actually cracked. 'Aren't you being too rude now?!'

She prepared herself when she saw, heard, and felt the four old bastards around her move to attack her.

Even Lewis switched to his 'kill mode,' his long and sharp nails now looked like claws.

But all of a sudden, three knights donning white uniforms appeared and stood in front of her and Lewis. Two men with the same face stood on either side of the only woman in the group.

Wvaou Lamr Kraevol... ?

Her thoughts were cut off when all of a sudden, the three White Lion Knights kneeled and bowed to her.

‘We, the Paladins of His Imperial Majesty, greet the First Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire,’ the three White Lion Knights said politely.

Oh, they are Papa Boss’s Paladins.

She heard from her father that his Paladins would arrive soon, but she didn’t expect them to arrive the same time the leaders of the Twelve Golden Families did. However, she thought the Paladins came at the right time.

She raised her head to secretly check on the four ‘gentlemen.’

Much to her shock, she realized that they weren’t surrounding her anymore. In fact, the four geezers were standing a little further away from her. The three noblemen were standing behind their leader— the white-haired man with a cane.

‘Your Royal Highness, my name is Jeanne Audley,’ the female knight with auburn, bob-cut hair, and hazel green eyes said. ‘We weren’t supposed to present ourselves this way. We apologize for our rudeness.’

‘Your Royal Highness, my name is Warren Fletcher,’ one of the male twins said, then he raised his head. ‘Your Royal Highness, our ears almost fell off while listening to the unspeakable things that came out of some people’s dirty mouth. Moreover, the fact that they dared to direct their bloodlust to you is—’

‘Is unforgivable,’ the other twin said, finishing his brother’s sentence. Then, he raised his head to meet her gaze. ‘My name is Wyatt Fletcher, Your Royal Highness. I am Warren’s big brother.’

‘You’re only a minute older than me, Wyatt.’

‘That doesn’t change the fact that I was still born earlier than you, little brother.’

She just watched the twins’ light bickering, distracted by the fact the twins were super handsome.

The Fletcher Twins had ash-brown undercut hair, chocolate eyes, and the type of build that most male Kpop idols had. You know, the kind of body that looked skinny at first. But the more you observed the boys, the more you realized that they weren’t skinny but very fit instead.

‘Stop it, Fletcher Twins,’ Jeanne scolded the twins, then she raised her head to give her an apologetic smile. ‘I deeply apologize for their rowdy behavior, Your Royal Highness.’

She clutched her chest tight when she saw Jeanne’s face properly.

Gosh! She’s so pretty! Is being good-looking a requirement to become Papa Boss’s Paladin?

‘Your Royal Highness, are you alright?’ Jeanne, Warren, and Wyatt all asked worriedly.

Lewis, who seemed to have already guessed what she was about to say, turned to her with a judging look on his face.

She still had to say it though.

‘I’m alright,’ Neoma assured the beautiful Paladin Knights. ‘My heart just skipped a beat because the three of you are face geniuses.’

‘YOUR IMPERIAL Majesty, Emperor Nikolai, we have returned safely.’

Nikolai raised a brow when only two out of his five Paladins (excluding Glenn who never left his side) appeared before him.

He was expecting his Paladins to arrive today. Thus, he asked them to report to him right away in his office.

Of course, he was dressed for the occasion. Since he was finally reuniting with all his active Paladins, he donned his full red military uniform. After all, he was the commander-in-chief of all the Order of Knights.

‘The last time I checked, I have five Paladins that I sent in an away mission,’ Nikolai said, then he leaned against the desk behind him and crossed his arms over his chest. ‘How come only the two of you have returned?’

The two Paladins (in their white dress uniform) kneeling in front of him with their heads hung low were Dion Skelton and Geoffrey Kinsley.

Dion Skelton was a tall and lean man with black hair and (fake) light brown eyes. On the other hand, Geoffrey Kinsley was a lanky man with shoulder-length, wavy golden hair and dark green eyes. Both had the face that Neoma would probably like.

My daughter is obsessed with good-looking people.

‘Your Majesty, the insufferably stupid Fletcher Twins left the squad as soon as they heard that the Twelve Golden Families have arrived in the Royal Palace. Apparently, the Fletcher Twins got a feeling that the ‘Crown Prince’ is going to be picked on by the leaders of the Noble Faction,’ Geoffrey said, his voice sounded calm and composed as usual. ‘Jeanne chased the twins and promised to bring them back.’

Ah, right.

The Twelve Golden Families were divided into three factions: the Royal Faction that obviously supported him, the Noble Faction that wanted to increase their power and influence to overthrow the monarchy, and the 'Neutral Faction' that had never chosen any side for a long time now.

The leaders of the Noble Faction are aggressive. The possibility of them intimidating the Crown Prince to assert dominance is high. Those families used to threaten me as well when I was still a young Crown Prince and disguise it as 'tough love.'

['We're only doing this to help you toughen up, Your Royal Highness.']

That was the Noble Faction's favorite excuse in the past whenever they physically and verbally assaulted him during a 'sparring.' Well, that was if you could call ten violent noble children versus one young prince a friendly match.

Of course, the bullying stopped when he grew up and learned how to protect himself.

But since Neoma was small and looked too delicate for a Crown Prince, he was pretty sure that the leaders of the Noble Faction would look down on his child and pick on her. Even if he caught the leaders in the act, they would pass it off as 'testing' the Crown Prince.

Let's see who's going to bully whom.

'I will take responsibility for failing to control the shameful actions of my team members, Your Majesty,' Dion said, short and sharp.

He wasn't surprised that Dion took responsibility.

After all, Dion Skelton was the leader of the away team.

'Someone is playing hero again, huh?' Geoffrey said, obviously taunting Dion.

But Geoffrey said it so eloquently that it reminded Nikolai of the times His Holiness insulted him with an innocent smile.

‘Dion, my friend, just because you’re the leader of the away team doesn’t make you better than us,’ Geoffrey said, still all smiles. ‘Why are you taking responsibility for us? We can take responsibility for our actions and accept His Majesty’s punishment on our own.’

Dion, as usual, ignored Geoffrey’s provocation.

‘Dion Skelton, Geoffrey Kinsley,’ Glenn, standing beside Nikolai, called the two sternly. ‘Are you seriously fighting in front of His Majesty?’

Dion and Geoffrey, who both admire and fear Glenn, bowed their heads deeper. ‘We apologize for our shameful behavior, Your Majesty.’

‘Never mind that,’ Nikolai said, then he stood straight. ‘Let’s go before I miss the show.’

Glenn, Dion, and Geoffrey all looked at him with a questioning look in their eyes.

‘Your Majesty, do you have another schedule for today?’ Glenn asked, confused. ‘I apologize but I thought we’re going to greet the Twelve Golden Families now.’

‘Exactly,’ Nikolai said with a smirk. ‘I want to see how Neoma would put the arrogant leaders in their place.’

Hi. You may now send GIFTs to our Neoma. Thank you~
